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General Taylor's Oration

FUNERAL ORATION

ON THE DEATH OF

PRESIDENT TAYLOR.

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A

FUNERAL ORATION

ON THE DEATH OF

PRESIDENT ZACHARY TAYLOR,

DELIVERED

AT A UNITED MEETING OF THE CITIZENS

OF

DENNIS AND THE VICINITY,

JULY 31, 1850.

BY RICHARD TOLMAN,

PASTOR OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN SOUTH DENNIS.

Published by Request.

BOSTON :

PRESS OF T. R. MARVIN, 24 CONGRESS STREET.

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ORATION.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

THE message, recently received from the seat of government, proves that the hand of the Almighty has been among us. For fifty years after the adoption of the Constitution, no President had ever died in office. Whatever the ravages of the destroyer among the people, the Chief Magistrate, under the over-shadowing wings of Providence, seemed to be "immortal till his work was done." But, in the Spring of 1841, we learned, by sad experience, that the executive mansion is not death-proof—that the inexorable messenger hesitates not to execute his stern commission upon the beloved and honored Head of the nation, though he thus extinguishes the nation's hopes, and clothes it in sackcloth. We well recollect that when, by an overwhelming majority, and with acclamations of joy, that echoed and re-echoed throughout the land, we had placed the lamented Harrison in the highest office of the government, we found that we had placed him there but to die; raised him to the summit of earthly greatness only as it were to render the more conspicuous and the more grievous his fall. The magnificent scenes of the inauguration, were but the prelude to the sad rites of burial. In one short month after his induction into office, just as we had begun to flatter ourselves with the idea that he was safe for the country, he bows his head in the dust,—thus suddenly precipitating the nation from the very height of joy into the depth of grief.

But would not this solemn lesson of Providence suffice. Must the same be repeated,—and that, so soon? Such, indeed, is the order of Heaven. "President Taylor is dead;"—these are the dreadful words, which have been borne on the wings

of lightning throughout our vast domain ; in a degree, suspending, for a season, the pursuits of business and of pleasure ; and causing the land to be covered again with the varied insignia of grief. The funeral obsequies have been performed at the seat of government, in the most grand and imposing manner. Many of our cities and large towns also, have paid some public tribute of respect to his memory.

And shall his decease be unwept on these shores? Are we indifferent spectators of the bereavement, over which a nation mourns? However much the ocean breezes may bronze the countenance, they do not, we trust, harden the soul. Where did the message of the President's death fall more heavily, or with a greater chill, than upon our hearts. Nor would we be wanting in the proper expression of our sorrow. Sons, as we are, of the Puritans ; dwelling, as we do, on the shores where the Puritans first landed,—shores consecrated by their prayers, and watered by their tears, and where their dust now reposes ;—surely it is meet that we be afflicted in the affliction of this Republic, which it cost them so much to establish. We, therefore, the citizens of the Cape, and brethren of the sea, come here to-day to pay our tribute of respect to the memory of the departed. The badges of mourning that shroud this pulpit, and overhang the different parts of this sacred temple, are no empty, unmeaning show, but a fit emblem of the sadness that fills our hearts. The removal of a Chief Magistrate, at any time, would be a subject of lamentation ;—how much more his removal at such a crisis, when there is pending the decision of one of the most momentous questions of this age and nation, the question of Freedom or Slavery,—whose issues, President Taylor seemed to be the very man to meet, as they should be met, with an unfaltering step, and an unflinching brow. Still, under this righteous dispensation, which not only crushes the hopes of a family, but involves a nation in mourning, we would bow submissively to the Supreme Disposer of all events.

Fellow citizens, I come not here to recount the various incidents in the history of our late Chief Magistrate, or to trace his steps through his forty years' memorable service in the field up to the Presidential chair. That history is doubtless familiar to you all. Nor is it the speaker's purpose to dwell on the po-

litical bearings and results of the administration, so suddenly terminated. The speaker is not the man, nor is this the occasion, to meddle with party matters. It is not the petty trial of a class, or a section, but a great national calamity which calls us together. These sable weeds are meant to show that the shadow of death has settled over our wide-extended country, covering it from the Atlantic to the Pacific with the tokens of sorrow.

I cannot, however, fail to observe, that the character of our late President was one whose features are truly prominent, strongly marked. We read that "Sir Godfrey Kneller, after several ineffectual attempts to execute the portrait of a stupid London Alderman, returned to the astonished cit the fee which had been paid in advance, with the remark ;—'Sir, you gave me this money to paint your face ; but you have got no face to paint !'" Not so with him whom we now commemorate. Most surely, Zachary Taylor had a face to paint ; and, let me add, he had, what every man ought to have, but one face, and that, a decided one. The gallant defender of Fort Harrison in 1812 ; the brave and indefatigable commander in the Florida war ; the hero of Palo Alto, Monterey and Buena Vista,* showed himself a man of like shrewdness, promptness, and valor in civic life,—with heroic moderation, holding on his steady course through all the tempestuous scenes of the first seven months of the present Congress,—withstanding, unto death, those slavery-propagandists who would rend the glorious fabric of the Union in twain, rather than not be permitted to spread over our new territories the leprous curse of oppression.

Much as some of us might have regretted the nomination of the deceased for the Presidency, though we might have considered it, in the language of Daniel Webster, "a nomination not fit to be made," we must all have admired his firmness, independence, and practical sagacity, in the discharge of his official duties,—thus proving himself great in civil, as well as in military life. The hero in battle may be, and often is, quite unfit-

* The author does not here mean to imply any thing respecting the justice of the wars to which reference is made, or the propriety of engaging in them irrespective of their character ; much less does he intend to sanction the opinion that the camp is a good school to prepare one for the cabinet, or to encourage the disposition to award civil honors to the mere military hero.

ted to act in the councils of the nation. Napoleon, though a "thunderbolt in war," was weak in politics. But the transfer of General Taylor from the camp to the cabinet, served not to exhibit his weakness, but to bring out his strength. His energy rose with the occasion;—new responsibilities developing only new excellencies of character—excellencies showing him great "by a higher patent and an earlier creation."

"Much of the virtue in the world," it is said, "is due to nothing but the not being tempted." But the character of Taylor as a President did not shine, merely because there was nothing to prove it. He did not display decision, only when there was no temptation to waver; or fortitude, only when there was no peril to make him quail. When have the winds of party strife blown more fiercely? When has the sea of politics been lashed into greater fury? As said Daniel Webster, in the beginning of his speech on the 7th of March, "The East, the North, and the stormy South, combine to throw the whole ocean into commotion, to toss its billows to the skies, and disclose its profoundest depths." And, added he, "I do not affect to regard myself as holding, or as fit to hold the helm in this combat with the political elements." So tempest-tossed indeed was the ship of state, laboring and plunging from billow to billow, as to make many a veteran quake with alarm. Here therefore, at the helm of affairs, as in the field, there was needed no tame-spirited, craven-hearted, effeminate character, but a general, who "never surrenders." The fiercer the commotion, the more prompt and determined his action. Throughout the trying scene, amid all the soul-appalling, spirit-crushing difficulties of the case, did not the General, with his lion heart, and eagle eye, keep a steady helm?—nor quit his grasp, until removed by a Higher Power?—leaving the noble ship, not sinking in the deep waters, nor stranded on the rocks, but

"Like a weather-beaten vessel, holding
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn."

It is indeed worthy of our grateful consideration that, though a slave-holder, he was, to such an extent, above personal considerations, setting his face as a flint against certain slavery-extensionists, unseduced by their flattery, unawed by their

threats. He was not so blinded by sectional interest as to suppose that all the country lay south of Mason and Dixon's line, and to think favorable of nothing but what pointed to that particular quarter of the political compass. He had a mind comprehensive enough to embrace the whole land, and a heart, too, large enough to love it,—being the nation's Chief Magistrate, the people's man. He had, moreover, the nerve to speak as he felt, to act as he believed, independent of dictation. Those who thought him of facile principle, and feeble purpose, all "waxy to persuasion," and so undertook to bend and shape him to their will,—mistook the man,—found that they might as well attempt to bend a pillar of iron, or mould a rock of adamant. And when he announced his determination to defend Cuba against those who were plotting an invasion of the island, who of those plotters would not as soon have thought of bearing up against an avalanche, or resisting a thunderbolt, as resisting his will ;—and their piratical movements were stayed. When informed that Texas was preparing to invade New Mexico, he gave his informers to understand that the right arm of the executive would be New Mexico's defence ;—and would not that have been enough to have kept Texas at bay ? Even when certain fierce advocates of oppression, invaded the sanctity of his sick chamber, and sought, by threats to obtain from him a pledge in favor of their peculiar institution, (means surely worthy of the end,) they found that, though disease had prostrated, in a measure, the physical system, there was no infirmity of will ; but that, in his determinations, he was fearless and inflexible as before, standing to the very last as a rocky cliff that bounds the ocean, around which the stormy winds howl, and against which the angry waves dash and break in vain.

Be it that his administration was too brief for the full development of the principles of his government,—did he not do enough in the short period, during which he exercised the functions of Chief Magistrate, to crown him with richer laurels than any that he ever won upon the battle-field ?

Mere martial prowess is no very enviable distinction. Courage to face the deadliest storm of grape-shot and bomb-shells, may spring from those instincts which we possess in common with the brutes, from unreflecting ignorance, or the reckless

hardihood of vice,—it being often found to exist, in the highest degree, among piratical hordes. There are circumstances, which try a man's fortitude far more than the flashing of musketry, the roar of cannon, or the sudden clash of steel. Many an individual, who can meet unflinchingly the shock of battle, will be driven from duty by a sneer,—is the veriest coward in the world in the moral contests of life.

If then General Taylor was a hero in the field, he was a far greater hero in the cabinet. He passed through a severer ordeal at Washington, than when contending against the most fearful odds at fort Harrison, than in the swamps and everglades of Florida, or on the plains of Mexico. Others might have driven away the Indians, and conquered the Mexicans; but it took him, distinguished by that popular soubriquet, "Rough and Ready," to put the curb on the fiery fanatics of the South, and with a stout hand and stouter heart, hold fast the helm, while the ship of state was dashing through the so-called "Hurlgate of a more boiling and violent strife than had ever befallen her before."

But, it should be added in this connection, that, while the Chief Magistrate of a Christian people ought not to be chargeable with the foolishness of quailing before the face of clay, he should have the wisdom to fear God. There are no acts of the late President that we recall with greater interest than those which have reference to Jehovah and his holy Word. You well recollect that when the Most High was pouring out the vial of his judgment upon the land in the form of epidemic cholera, President Taylor was free to acknowledge the divine hand in the desolating scourge, and to invite the people to observe a day of fasting and prayer for their deliverance. When, just after his inauguration, the Secretary of the American Bible Society presented him, in behalf of that Society, a copy of the Sacred Volume, he took occasion to express his deep sense of the value of the heavenly oracles. And, in one of his messages to Congress, he did not shrink from setting the seal of his approbation to the great work of missions, referring particularly to those heralds of the cross, who had labored with such fidelity and success in the Sandwich Islands. It seems, moreover, that, in his last hours, his physicians gave way to the services of the minister of Christ.

But he is gone. The places that have known him, will now know him no more forever. Death shuts the scene, and a nation mourns. By his removal, not the South, or the North, or the West merely, but the Union has lost a friend, one who "lived an American," and who "died an American." The Irish leader, O'Connell, requested that, at his decease, his heart might be sent to Rome; but President Taylor left his heart to the country, to which it had been given in the dew of his youth. Be it that his partner in life would not consent to the embalming of his mortal remains; his worthy deeds are embalmed in the memory of the people whom he served. Congress has voted an appropriation for the erection of a monument to the deceased; but his sagacity, firmness and boldness in maintaining the true interests of the country in such perilous straits, and, especially, the tokens of his regard for the institutions of religion, are a nobler monument than that of granite or of marble.

But, fellow citizens, I have a higher purpose than to dwell on the incidents of General Taylor's eventful life, and that is, to present some reflections, suggested by his death, which has so touched with grief the nation's heart.

Consider, 1. The importance of greater candor and generosity in the treatment of our rulers while living.

To what an amazing and melancholy extent is the practice of abusing political opponents, the practice of crimination and recrimination carried by some partisan speakers and partisan editors of every name. But what justice, what reason; or rather, I would ask, what sin and folly, in so lashing with the tongue and pen, those who will not bow to the Cæsar of our party,—being guilty only of thinking and acting for themselves in politics. Oh, the unfairness, the gross dishonesty of so lavishing praises upon political favorites, "washing them where they are white, and whitewashing them where the natural color is black;" but, at the same time, maligning every political opponent, as though nothing less than a demon incarnate. You all know the crying evil to which reference is made—that the mere nomination, by any party, of a candidate for office, no matter how excellent his qualifications and his character, is the signal for every other party to draw out their tongue as a sword, and open all their batteries against

him,—there being nothing too sacred for the most scurrilous assault.

But the object of the multiplied strokes of calumny and abuse is laid in the dust. How changed the scene! It is like a clear, soft morning, after a dark and tempestuous night; or like the mild breath of Spring, after rude Winter's stormy blasts. Those who had so derided and reproached the man, become emulous to do him honor. Now, the only strife seems to be, who can do most to strew flowers on his grave.

What a striking illustration of these remarks is the case of the late John Quincy Adams. Though so denounced and calumniated while living, no sooner was he stricken down on the floor of Congress, than the very individuals who had been most severe in their censures, were most eloquent in their praises. The man whose measures had been so violently opposed, and whose motives had been most shamefully traduced, seemed to have the highest honors paid to his memory;—his remains being borne home to Quincy with that unexampled attendance of a congressional delegation from every State in the Union.

And think of him whose decease we now deplore. Was he not unmercifully assailed while living? But the moment of his departure hence, how are the tables turned! The pen of abuse is dropped; the tongue of slander is hushed,—some glorifying to-day, as a noble patriot, him, whom yesterday they were branding as the vilest traitor.' But what consistency is there, in condemning a man all his life, and then striving to the utmost to eulogize him after his death; thus, as it were, garnishing the sepulchre of him, whom, by the most cutting sarcasms and lacerating invectives, they have flayed alive. What! can we deal impartially with a civil ruler, only when he becomes cold in death! Cannot we divest ourselves of cruel prejudices against him, until he is covered beneath the sod! Then in this aspect of the case, his death is a joyful event, putting a period, as it does, to the invidious flings and foul aspersions of partisan opponents, and ushering in the reign of justice and of truth.

Oh that therefore, while experiencing the softening, mellowing influence of a President deceased, we might be led to treat with due generosity and candor the living magistrate,—remem-

bering that the abuse which so grates on the nerves, "tremblingly alive all o'er to each fine impulse," affects them not when torpid in the grave ; and hence that, if it is sacrilege to mangle the cold unfeeling corpse, it is worse than sacrilege to harrow up, with the teeth of malice, the living, keenly sensitive soul. Let us then cease to wage against our rulers a harassing and merciless warfare, before they cease to feel,—deal with them justly, ere they pass altogether beyond the reach of our praise and our blame. It is honorable to bury the animosities against them in their graves. But, would it not be more honorable to give them the respect which is their due, in the land of the living.

2. The national bereavement, over which we now mourn, may serve to make more manifest the strength of our Federal Republic.

Many, indeed, have spoken of this bereavement, as one throwing a cloud over the future, and awakening evil forebodings. I acknowledge that, in the loss of our Chief Magistrate, we have been called to pass through a severe ordeal. Still, does not the very severity of the ordeal, show more clearly, not the imbecility and decay, but the robustness and vigor of the body politic.

It is interesting to consider how many prophecies of ruin we have already survived. What numbers, during the period of Washington's administration, for example, thought that the Republic depended on him for its support—that he was the very key-stone to the arch of the confederacy, so that his removal would ensure its ruin. Washington, however, retired from office ;—but the glorious arch of our confederacy fell not, neither was a stone of it disturbed. Washington died ;—yet the Republic did not sink with him into the grave,—nay, it still continued to flourish, going on from one degree of strength to another, until 1812.

Then, when the heavens gathered blackness, and the storm of war burst upon us, how many hearts failed within them for fear, supposing that our destruction was sure. The storm passed by,—bowing, but not breaking the tree ; riddling the canvass, and carrying away some of the spars,—but not parting a timber, springing a plank, or opening the slightest seam, in the staunch, oak-ribbed hull.

Then came the terrible agitation of the Missouri question. Whatever the dangers hitherto escaped, here, thought various individuals, is a tempest which will surely send us to the bottom. But anon, the tempest spends its force, the roused and foaming billows subside, and the ship goes on as strongly and prosperously as before.

Yet we were not past all danger. The sea of politics is very far from being a smooth expanse, always sparkling in the sunshine. It is rather a sea of troubled waters, often swept by storms, full of perils,—perils from without and perils from within,—perils that, many times, come upon us altogether unforeseen, unexpected. After we had outrode, in safety, the tempest which arose from the discussion of the Missouri question, and were flattering ourselves that we should proceed on our voyage undisturbed,—lo! the startling sound of mutiny is heard. South Carolina is in arms. Oh! the horrors of the threatening contest. What but utter confusion and desolation must ensue,—is the language of many a fainting heart. But how soon did the stern voice of the commander Jackson,—“The Union—it must, and it shall be preserved,”—quell the mutiny of the nullifiers, and allay our fears.

This danger escaped, we were called to pass through a new and till then, wholly untried scene of affliction. The beloved commander, Harrison, is smitten in death—a calamity which came upon us quite unawares, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. But sudden and unexpected as was the calamity, the ship, so far from going adrift, and being cast a wreck upon the shore, still keeps on her course. And now again the man at the helm falls—falls too at a most critical juncture, while the ship of state is traversing the most perilous part of her stormy pathway. Yet she is not driven back, and carried far off into unknown seas, or upon strange shores. Though tempest after tempest has beaten against her, and wave after wave broken over her, threatening to swallow her up,—does she not, even to this hour, hold steadily on her way, bounding over the tempestuous billows, like a thing of life.

Nor, be it observed, is this last test to which the Republic has been subjected, I mean the sudden removal of the executive head, a test of a trifling character. Suppose Louis Napoleon of France should as suddenly fall,—would not his fall

shake the nation, and make the whole of continental Europe, too, tremble to its farthest bounds? Or, take away the emperor Nicholas, the autocrat of Russia,—and would the affairs of that gigantic empire, or of the neighboring dynasties, move on as before, unchecked and undisturbed? Might not the death of Nicholas be the presage of far more serious commotions than those which attended the death of his predecessor, Alexander, in 1825? How trivial an event, how slight a cause, might raise in Europe a hurricane of revolution, that would rock the hoary thrones of despotism more terribly than all the revolutions of 1848.

And why are the governments of Europe so insecure,—so liable to be disturbed when the president, the king, or the emperor falls,—trembling like a leaf in almost every breeze? Why, but because those governments rest on a basis too narrow for their top—rest, to such an extent, on single men? Said Louis XIV., “I am the state.” And, in the old world, to what a degree is the ruler still the state? Nowhere, as in this land, does so little depend upon the ruler, so much upon the people. Here emphatically, no officer of government, not even the chief magistrate, with such immense patronage at his command, but the *people*,—the *people* are the state. Hence it is, that no tempest, or earthquake, not of force to rend the people in twain, can overturn the people’s government. Yes, great as is the loss of such a President as Taylor, at such a time of agitation,—though a calamity of that nature, which might have convulsed Europe to its centre,—it is not a calamity too great for this free Republic to bear. What though a bolt from heaven has struck off the ornament that crowned the pillar of our state,—the noble pillar itself stands unmoved.

I know that, in this respect, we are a mystery to many Europeans. They do not understand the secret of our stability. Our Republic seems to them a most frail and perishable thing, so that from the very time of its origin, they have been confidently predicting its ruin, as though it were but a bubble that a breath might destroy. But when they consider the blow after blow that has fallen upon us, during the more than sixty years of the existence of this confederacy; especially, when they consider that, now for the second time, we have been called to experience so afflictive a stroke as the sudden

removal of a chief magistrate, and yet survive the whole unharmed, it would seem as though they might be led to think that, if our Republic be a bubble, it is nevertheless a strong one,—a bubble composed, not so much of fluid inflated, as of rock crystalized.

We do not, therefore, come together to-day, in despair of our representative government. In mourning the death of the late chief magistrate, we do not mourn the end of the Republic over which he presided. The report of his decease was not the knell of popular liberty, or the signal for the outbreak of popular violence. We read of no insurrection, no disturbance as the result. But, according to the provision of the Constitution, another, within a few hours, steps into the office made vacant by death, and the whole machinery of government continues to move on. Surely a government that has passed through so many and such severe ordeals, unscathed, is of some sterling worth ; a vessel that has so long encountered the rough winds and the stormy waves, must be something more than beautiful,—must be sound and seaworthy, composed of well-adjusted timbers of oak and bolts of iron.

Deeply then as we mourn the sudden removal of President Taylor, it is a cheering fact, that while he dies, the Republic lives ; that though, as we proceed upon our voyage, one star after another sinks below the horizon, new lights arise upon us, to guide and cheer us on our way.

3. The national bereavement, which has called us together, should deeply impress us with the fact that God is the Supreme Ruler of the world.

Our exulting cry had been, "General Taylor never surrenders." But how quickly did the iron frame, that had survived all the perils of the camp and the field for forty years, yield to the touch of the great destroyer,—thus teaching us that "there is no man that hath power over the spirit, to retain the spirit ; neither hath he power in the day of death ; and there is no discharge in that war"—no discharge even to the greatest of earth's conquerors. Truly man at his best estate is altogether vanity. How is the mighty fallen—fallen under the stroke of a Higher Power ;—the hero of Monterey and Buena Vista being as impotent to resist the divine summons as the feeblest infant. And is not this solemn providence meant

to lead us to feel and to acknowledge our dependence on Him who ruleth the kingdoms of men, and giveth them to whomsoever he pleaseth ?

The truth is, we are too prone to forget who sits on the throne of the universe. In the excitement of our great presidential campaigns, especially, we are apt to fix our eyes on this, or that man, as the great source of our prosperity, the chief ground of our trust. We wrestle earnestly for his elevation to the presidential chair, as though to secure that were to secure the country. The man of our choice, the very man, as we think, for the people and the times, is placed at the head of affairs ; and we glory in the result, as though he were sufficient to defend and promote the nation's interests ;—all the while, wickedly forgetful of the Supreme Disposer. No marvel therefore that He, whose hand was unacknowledged in the blessings conferred, should make himself known in the judgment which he executeth,—suddenly turning the idol of our hearts into dust and ashes. With what emphatic earnestness does the voice that comes from the tomb of Harrison and of Taylor, reiterate the Scripture admonition, "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom is no help."

And shall that voice be unheeded ? Shall the recognition of Jehovah's hand in the affairs of government, pass away with the services of this hour, and we place our trust, as confidently as before, in an arm of flesh ? Oh ! as certain as we as a nation wander from God, we wander but to perish—we drop from the very zenith of our prosperity like a falling star. Said Washington, in his farewell address to the people of the United States, "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness,—these firmest props of men and citizens." Yes, the fear of the Lord is the very beginning even of true political wisdom. The people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits. Righteousness exalteth a nation. But mark the dire effects of sin. It destroyed the old world. It involved in utter ruin the cities of the plain. Egypt, Nineveh, Babylon, Edom, great and mighty as they were, perished by their iniquities. And what but her wickedness was the cause of Jerusa-

lem's terrible doom. Think too of Rome, imperial Rome, rising to be mistress of the nations, sitting on her seven hills as queen of the world,—was it not her vices which made her vast empire crumble like ashes? Sin, therefore, is the reproach of any people; the element of their destruction. "Hear now this," says the Prophet, speaking of a nation that disregarded God, "thou hast trusted in thy wickedness; thou hast said, there is no overseer. Thy wisdom and thy knowledge, it hath perverted thee; and thou hast said in thy heart, I am, and none else besides me. Therefore evil shall come upon thee, and thou shalt not know whence it riseth; and mischief shall fall upon thee; thou shalt not be able to put it off;"—and history is full of examples attesting the truth of the prophet's declaration. We may have the cannibalism of the South Sea Islands, the degrading idolatry of India, or the iron despotism of China, or of Turkey; nay more, we may have the infidel liberty of the French revolution of 1789, with all the blessings of the guillotine, without the general prevalence of the gospel; but, without the gospel, we cannot have the glorious liberty of the Puritan Republic.

Let us then cleave to the gospel as an anchor-hold for life, and so prove ourselves not unworthy of the glorious heritage bequeathed us by our pious, God-fearing ancestry. With such an anchor-hold, no matter how the tempests rage, or the ocean roars, we have nothing to fear; without it, nothing to hope. Better, infinitely better, that a conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake entomb it, than that we break away from all allegiance to God and his holy word.

May then the event that we now mourn lead us to humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God, to repent of profaneness, of intemperance, of Sabbath-breaking, of fraud, of oppression, of every sin, and turn to Him who judgeth in the earth, so that the present discordant notes in our national affairs may be only the prelude to the richest harmony, and thus we ever be that happy people whose God is the Lord.

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This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine is incurred by retaining it
beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

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